Severe, Beautiful And Timeless

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27140917.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Developing Relationship, Injury Recovery, Hypothermia, Sleepy Cuddles, Friends to Lovers, Ocean, Escape, Running Away, Hiding, Hiding in Plain Sight, Exhaustion, Blood and Gore, Cannibalistic Thoughts, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Hurt Will Graham, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Sexual Content, Banter, Canon Backstory, Reminiscing, Size Difference, Unresolved Romantic Tension, Kinktober, Kinktober 2020, Whump, Whumptober, Whumptober 2020, Goretober
Language:	English
Series:	Part 21 of Kinktober/Whumptober/Goretober 2020
Collections:	Kinktober 2020, Whumptober 2020
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-21 Words: 993 Chapters: 1/1

Severe, Beautiful And Timeless

by Val_Creative

Summary

After escaping from the jaws of a dark-stygian ocean, Will and Hannibal retreat into a chapel.

Notes

I never ever get tired of writing about these two. I LOVE CANON MURDER HUSBANDS. PLEASE ENJOY THIS ONE.

See the end of the work for more notes

*

It's beautiful.

He sinks, letting the wintry, frothing Atlantic devour his lungs. Cleansing him of the hot blood plastering Will's body.

*

They fell.

*

Will doesn't know how far they are now, carried out in the rushing tides, dragged under. Black basalt pillars of sea-rock and clear crystalline bubbles. Will's eyes ache. Saltwater burns like fire, bright and sharp, into his open wounds.

His mouth widens open to the velvety night air. Clouds of silver-dark frost escape Will's lips.

He loses consciousness.

*

A foghorn pierces through the distance.

Will becomes aware of himself, grimacing with all of his teeth, spitting and coughing out water forcefully. His kneels crawl against the sand. "You're alive, Will," Hannibal murmurs, fisting the back of Will's scarlet-stained shirt and helping him along to his feet.

*

Eventually, they retreat into a little white chapel.

Or, Will supposes, the *middle-of-nowhere* chapel had been once painted so loftily and immaculately until time contested it. Huge webbing tendrils of ivy spilled over the mortar. A grayish, molding filth gleams on the statues of winged angels and roods.

Nature reclaims what is hers.

The land knows nothing of religious hypocrisy and piety. It seeks blood. It hungers. What decays inside them, every meaty tendon and gland and capillary, every living molecule must — *must* — return to the earth from whence it came.

*

Hannibal finds moth-eaten blankets in one of the confession booths, hunching down behind a pew.

Will's hands fumble, shaking uncontrollably, removing his button-up shirt. He trembles. Exhaustion weighs down both of Will's eyelids.

They can't stay long. Not while injured.

Will still has a puncture-wound deep in his upper cheek and beneath his collarbone. The lower right-hand side of Hannibal's torso hasn't stopped bleeding since Francis Dolarhyde's gun went off.

As if sensing Will's drowsiness, Hannibal touches the other man's shoulder lightly.

Will tosses his head, frowning, moving away and objecting. His words slur together. Will's tongue feels heavy.

Confusion blares and thuds on the insides of his head.

"You're experiencing hypothermia, Will. I need you to stay awake until we can get somewhere warmer. Do you understand?"

Will swallows.

He nods, half-dozing while sitting up, as Hannibal rips one of the blankets to fasten around his own naked waist. Anything to staunch the pulses of blood flow. Ash-blond hair wet and slicked dripping back against Hannibal's skull.

Hannibal shushes him, pulling a quietly complaining Will against him while they're shirtless. Chest-to-chest. Heart-to-heart.

His nose and mouth drops onto Hannibal's sternum. Hannibal tucks Will's lolling head under his chin, wrapping them the rest of the blankets and listening intently for any commotion outside. The FBI won't waste any moment in an investigation.

All of the *blood* left… pools and rivets of stenching crimson gore…

Hannibal bit into the Red Dragon's throat, slaying it. His teeth latched on. Will found a part of himself too-eager for it. To rip flesh. To chew and gnash. To drink down the red-raw gush of warm human blood spraying into the night.

"When the winds of Lithuania grew cold… after our parents died, and what remained of the servants fled with their possessions, I would hold Mischa until she fell asleep in my arms…" Will hears him breathing. He feels the reverberations echoing from Hannibal's chest. "She felt safe with me. We were surrounded by enemies of our nation and death and I could do nothing then."

Will's lips part.

"… what did that feel like?"

"Unrecognizable," Hannibal replies. Will thinks about the moss-strewn gravestones on the Lecter Castle property. The ancient, sprawling rot of Hannibal's childhood home. "I was

powerless and I vowed to never feel that way again. I will not return there. But what is happening right now… to us… I allowed myself to go over the bluff with you. I did not resist. I could have."

"That's very self-destructive behavior," Will mutters, smiling slowly. "Perhaps you should see a therapist, Doctor Lecter."

A laugh suddenly sounds from Hannibal. Will croaks out a laugh with him, burrowing for more warmth, looping an arm to Hannibal's uninjured side. Leaning forward. The multi-colorful glass of the chapel's windows above them faintly flash.

"As I have told you… my compassion for you is an inconvenience, Will."

Maybe that's true.

Will couldn't think of what to say while they were waiting for the Red Dragon to attack them.

Hours before.

He couldn't help but pant raggedly against Hannibal's lips when they kissed, shuddering with anticipation and clutching each other in the living room. Will tasted the red wine in Hannibal's mouth. His blunt, chewed fingernails dug into his nape and scalp.

Will felt Hannibal, bigger and broader, hold him down onto the cushions. His strength *outmatched* Will. He was by no means a runt, but Hannibal could lift him and toss him with ease. Something about getting roughly manhandled *tightened* Will's cock.

It's the sensation of Hannibal over him, eyeing him in fresh suspicion and a kind of longing thrumming.

Their lips brushed, molding and opening for another kiss as Hannibal's tongue plunged inside him. Will arched impulsively against him, but not getting far. His arms shifted, held down, trapped on either side of Will's head by Hannibal's fingers.

He needed Hannibal to make actual physical contact with his dick, or *sit on* his dick, or *anything* that was gonna involve Will's dick. Anything at all. Will would lose it otherwise. It's probably what Hannibal wanted before they tangoed with a brand new psychopath… for Will to cream himself spectacularly before Hannibal even got the opportunity to unbutton Will's pants…

"I would hate to inconvenience you," Will monotones.

"There is nothing I would truly change about you, Will. You inspire me and you have proven yourself as a friend."

Will's mouth quirks.

"*Friend*," he repeats, scoffing in amusement.

One of Hannibal's fingers trace over Will's stomach-scar. It's a relic of lost love. Betrayal. Fury.

They'll need to keep moving.

They fell.

Will would do it all over again the same.

*

End Notes

Kinktober 2020 prompt(s): **Size Difference**
Whumptober 2020 prompt(s): **Hypothermia**
Goretober 2020 prompt(s): **Cannibalism**

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!